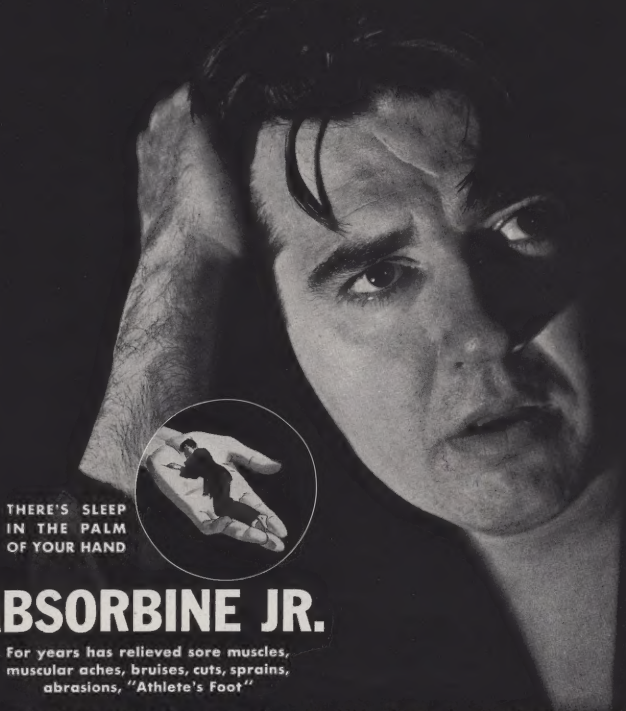
BALLYHOO

JANUARY

15 CENTS

Stark, staring eyes that count the dreary hours, aching for the peaceful oblivion of slumber—close them, softly, naturally, safely, by slow, firm strokes on the back of the neck with a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr.—and drift away into blessed hours of sweet and healing sleep.



THERE'S SLEEP IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot"

At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

They *laughed* When I Sat Down in the Droshky!

But their laughter turned to amazement when the Kulak came back with a quartski of Vodka! **Now that the U.S. has recognized the U. S. S. R. learn to speak Russian!** Learn how to know the difference between an icon and a samovar, how to chat with the Volga Boatman. Russian taught in Ten Easy Steppes.

HOMER PSXZYCXHZY

One of our distinguished instructors, who will teach you to speak Russian even if it kills you.

Special Course

"How to Tell a Russian Broadcast from Static"

Soviet Correspondence School
13 Trotsky Street
Manhattangrad, N. Y.

Comrade:

Enclosed find 400,000 rubles, for which send me your sample course on how to swear in Russian.

.....

.....

BALLYHOO, January, 1934, Vol. 5, No. 6. Published monthly and copyrighted by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President and Treas; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Chicago Advertising Office, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1931, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under an act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscriptions $1.50. Single copies 15c. Price in England 1/- a copy; subscriptions 13/6 the year post free. Other foreign subscriptions $2.50 a year. Sole foreign agents: The International News Company, 5 Breams Building, London, E.C. 4, England. Ballyhoo does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.
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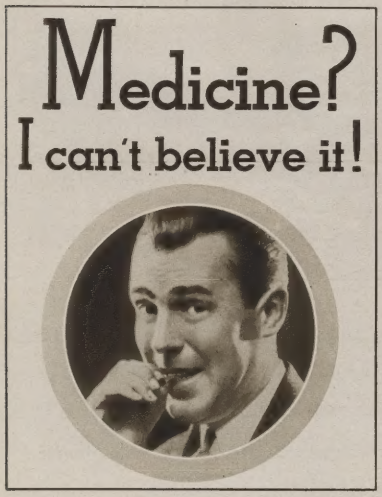
ADLAFFS

BALLYHOO PAYS $10 FOR EACH ADLAFF PRINTED



You will tomorrow, brother!

IF *Mona Lisa* COULD HAVE USED MAYBELLINE

To say nothing of Kolynos.

Doesn't the guy breathe when he sits out a dance?

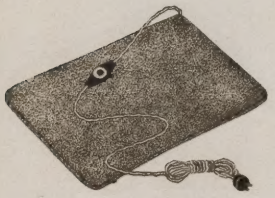
"And don't go near Betty Ann —she's a COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE"

And, of course, Little Elsie understood mama perfectly.

So that's what football players talk about!

Before—
The Doctor Prescribed
VIRGINIA DAIRY MILK

After—
Being Built Up By
VIRGINIA DAIRY MILK



Macy's 1.99 heating pad is a fine bedfellow for cold winter nights, but don't let us intrude if you've made other arrangements.

WE CAN'T MAKE

enough

OF THEM

Then—why advertise?

All right, send her over and the hell with the radiotrons!

"*I wish* **every woman had the** *Mum Habit*"

What a wonderful world it would be!

HELD OVER!

To accommodate the thousands that couldn't get in last week!

MAE WEST

DON'T BE A

HORSE

who have NAILS in their shoes

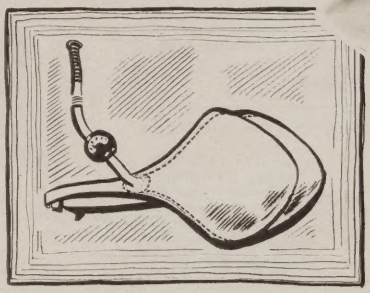
Osteo-path-ik
FOOT-FITTER

GO WEST YOUNG WOMAN!

Get in shape for the new styles by wearing a

LITTLE MARVEL PNEUMATIC BRASSIERE

Easy to slip on . . . . easy to blow up: Bust into the Best Circles by putting up a Big Front.



BEFORE

wearing the Little Marvel Pneumatic Brassiere

AFTER

wearing the Little Marvel Pneumatic Brassiere

BALLYHOO

Edited by Norman Anthony

Published by Geo. T. Delacorte, Jr.

"If you have lumbago tomorrow, Lucille, don't blame me."

"What'ya' know—I forgot to take off my skates!"

"Fanny will be out in a minute—she's not quite dressed."

Flash!

Alice Cantsaynoe, show girl, is an authority on fine etchings.

"Pardon me, I'm looking for my husband!"

Flash!

One of the new "Lovers' Taxicabs" is tried out in Central Park.

"Can you direct me to the Scranton Coal Mines?"

"We Want Elmer Zilch!"

WHO IS HE ?

WHERE IS HE ?

Where's Elmer?

BALLYHOO wants to find him!

Or his double!

Where's Elmer?

The Big BALLYHOO Contest is on!

Lucky Elmer!

The man who looks the most like the above photo of Elmer Zilch will be given a free trip to New York (and return home), a week's free entertainment (shows, night clubs, etc.) and he will be put up at one of the biggest hotels.

We'll even introduce him to a chorus girl!

If you look like Elmer, cash in on the Big BALLYHOO by sending in your photo. If you see someone that looks like Elmer, tell him about the Big Contest.

We want Elmer!

Contest closes January 10, 1934.

Send your photos to BALLYHOO, *100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

WASHINGTON RUNAROUND

Another Great Ballyhoo Service—Free to Our Readers!

Mr. H. Throttleberry Burp, who knows a man who is very close to the cousin of the mailman who delivers mail to the White House.

DO YOU KNOW What is going on in WASHINGTON?

NEITHER DO WE

BURP BROTHERS BUREAU

Mr. P. Solidbottom Burp, of Burp Bros., Inc., the Big Rumor and Gossip Men who will give BALLYHOO *readers the real administration lowdown.*

AT LAST, a Washington Service for our BALLYHOO readers!

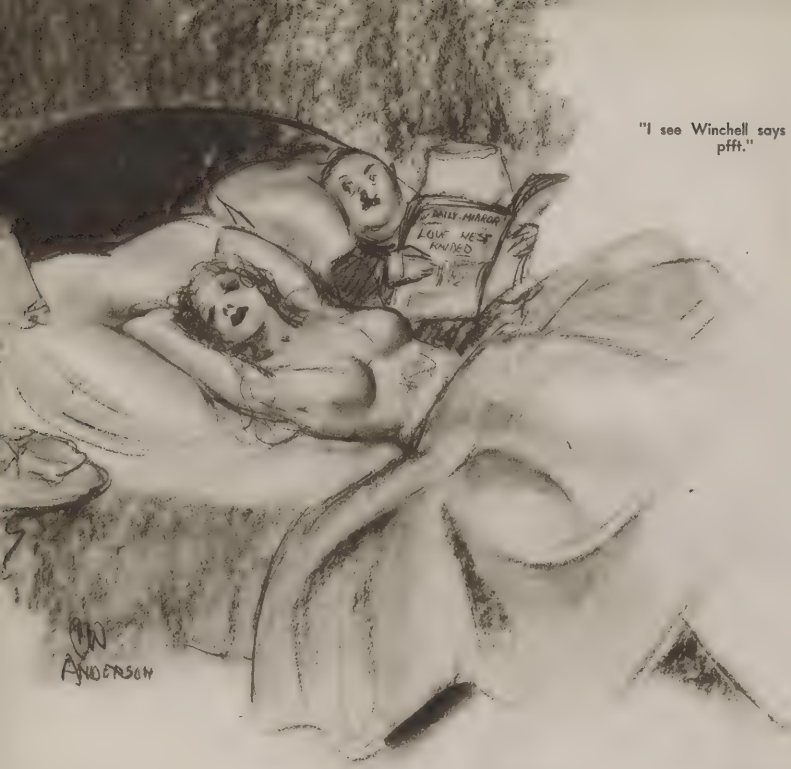
Who hasn't heard of the famous Burp Brothers, H. Throttleberry and P. Solidbottom, co-authors of the famous "Washington Upside Down"?

These two experts are so close to the administration that they know what is going to happen within two weeks after it happens. Think of it!

They know what is going on in high circles and low circles.

They have foretold such cataclysmic events as "The Easter Egg Roll" on the White House lawn, the Johnstown Flood and the San Francisco Earthquake. They even knew that Hoover wasn't going to be re-elected!

Every month they will give you the real lowdown on affairs of state (their guess is as good as yours), and, just think, this great, big, wonderful, confidential service costs you absolutely nothing! It's almost unbelievable, isn't it? Why, of course, it is!



"I see Winchell says we've pfft."

"Something tells me their marriage won't last."

Flash!

Fanny Cole, prominent nudist, starts "Hitch Hike" to Florida."

"I calls that one 'Mae West.'"

Flash!

Mary Muggs, nudist, is congratulated by Justice Peep for poisoning hubby.

"Can I give you a lift?"
"No thanks—I'm riding a horse."

"Oh, General! You think of everything!"

Flash!

John O'Toole, candidate for Mayor, ends his campaign by kicking a baby.

BALLYHOO'S GOLD NEWS

The very latest news from them thar hills sent in by Ballyhoo's coast reporters, The Gold Diggers of 1933. "They always get their man!"

Oscar Lippsnitz, who discovered gold in his pan, but found that it was only his new bridgework.

The Hambone Brothers and their "Golden Wedding" mine in which they found three nuggets and an old collarbutton.

Frank Bupp, who hocked his wife's gold wedding ring and went out West looking for gold.

Herman Squid, who has been digging gold for fifty years and has collected enough to fill his teeth.

The "Old Gold" mine (not a cent in a carload) which was discovered to contain nothing but old razor blades and a copy of "Liberty."

"This completes the service for today—hello mama, hello papa."

"Mortimer Peabody! Where's the rest of your costume?"

"May I hold your hand?"

"There's something about you that reminds me of Mae West but I can't quite put my finger on it."

"Hey, buddy, where's the men's room?"

"I'm new to this sort of thing. My wife usually washes her own back."

THE WORST SHORT STORY

Here you are, folks! The month's Big Prize Winner! But don't send any more in! We're up to our necks in lousy literature!

IN THE PARK

By B.D.

The cop was banging away with his club on handsome Garry Sanders' feet. "C'mon, git up, you lousy bum." And Garry did look like a bum. But no, he was of the Social Register. Because of financial reverses he had to look for a job, and not being able to find one, he was compelled to become a bum. He had very rich relatives, but he couldn't seem to be able to find them to concede to them his tale of woe.

Garry at last rolled off the bench with a muttered curse to the cop, and proceeded to walk along the stone path. He was passing a shaded bench when he heard some sobbing. Having nothing else to do he stopped to see what was the trouble. What he saw, astounded him. A beautiful girl was sitting upon the bench sobbing her heart out. She had a finely chiseled face with delicate features, and a beautiful form. She had a beautiful Mona Lisa smile on her features. Gary walked over to her, forgetting his unkempt appearance, and said, in a soft tone of voice, "Can I do anything to help you relieve your troubles, Miss?"

"I wish Sis would stop wearing my pants!"

"No, Garry," she responded, "you can't help me, nobody can now, I'm going to jump in the ocean," and resumed her sobbing heartbreakingly.

"Come now, Virginia, tell me your troubles, I can help you."

"No."

"But, Virginia darling, I can solve all your problems."

"Nobody can, I'm going to shoot myself."

"Please, my dearest, don't do that. You might kill somebody, and besides, I can't afford to lose you, I love you so."

"Please go away, leave me be to myself."

"But Virginia, my dove, remember your troubles are my troubles, your worries my worries, your joys my joys. The less you worry the less I worry, so don't you see dear, you simply must tell me your troubles."

After much coaxing, she finally told him her story, and upon hearing it, Garry himself sobbed. It so happened that her father's own bank had failed, and they had had the mortgage taken up on their home, leading to her father and mother's shameful deaths, leaving her alone without a home or a penny in the world. Garry managed to control himself, however, until the end of the story, sad as it was. Garry, after hearing this dreadful tale, then and there resolved to himself that he would get a job and make a success for himself and Virginia.

After a beautiful friendship that lasted for six months, Gary and Virginia were married. Garry then got himself a job as a helper and odd job man in the post office. He took that job because he knew that once given a chance he could advance himself considerably.

With his first paycheck of $50.00 he bought $25. worth of stamps and sent letters to all persons with the name of Sanders, with the hope that one of them would be his rich uncle. Meanwhile, Virginia was expecting a baby. One day, after three months of hard labor in the post office, Garry was summoned to the superintendent's office.

"Garry," said the superintendent brusquely, "there is a shortage of $2,000 worth of stamps, and we suspect you, because you mailed so many letters this month, sorry, but we'll have to place you under arrest."

You can imagine how Virginia felt about this, knowing that her Garry was innocent, and yet so powerless to do anything, and her about to give birth to a baby.

Came the day of the trial, and Garry was told that he was to be heard by one of the highest and richest judges of the land who was sitting as honorary judge that afternoon. When the case was called, and Garry stood up to look at the judge, they looked at each other for a minute and then clasped each other in each other's arms. What luck, now Virginia could have her baby in peace, and he would be free. Why, this was his uncle whom he had tried so hard to find.

Now we look upon the couple three months later. A beautiful home in the suburbs covered with red roses just in bloom, and a little fair-haired boy running around the house, Virginia looking more beautiful than ever, and Garry now a prominent lawyer with a satisfactory income, thanks to his benevolent uncle. And Garry often blesses the cop that woke him up in the park by rapping his thin worn soles with his heavy club.

"Look, Boss—we've found a water pipe."

down WITH EVERYTHING

THE BEST RED MAGAZINE IN THE U. S.

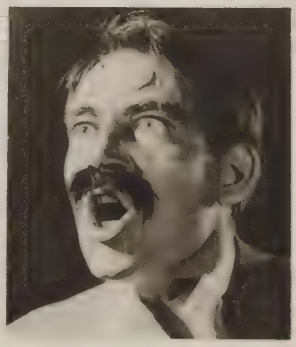
PRICE 15 ROUBLES

The Worker

DOWN WITH EVERYTHING

REDAGRAVURE SECTION

An informal get-together at the home of Comrade and Comradess Bumski, prominent New York Reds. Red wine and propaganda were served and the capitalistic lease was broken into bits.



WINS SPEECH MARATHON
Ivan Blowoffski, who spoke six hours before an audience of two and burnt out his tonsils.

CHOSEN MISS U. S. S. R.
Olga Vassavitch, who won the Soviet Beauty Contest, and was her face red!

Street scene in Moscow showing happy days in the U. S. S. R., where everyone has a job and owns part of a tractor.

Right: Strangler Bumpoff shows how he won the red wrestling championship by smothering his opponent in his whiskers.

THUNDER OVER YONKERS

By
Homer Burpski

The Author

THE streets were cold. Drab. Lousy. Ivan wandered slowly. His feet dragged. First one foot, then the other and then the other. He passed Elm Street. Then Walnut Street. Then Beech Street. Then Pine Street. Then in turn, Birch Street, Ivy Street, Willow Street, Maple Street. Would they never end? Only at the city limits. Someone had told him this. His mind wandered. He thought of Russia. Of Poland. Of Czecho and Yugo-Slovakia. Of red Mongolia. Of red and blue China. Of Albania. Of Kansas and Nebraska, of Turkey in Asia. Of West Virginia and points North. He thought of nights in Mexico. Of days in jail. Of hot afternoons in Montana. Of hot times in Hollywood. He ceased to think at all.

It began to rain slowly. A heavy capitalist drizzle which turned to hail with an area of high pressure in central Canada. Ivan tried to think of something. Something he should do about it. It was no use. He had no education. He didn't know enough to come in when it rained.

He glanced about him, dark, neatly crossed eyes peering. He was not alone. Down the avenue, passing Maple Street, Willow Street, Ivy Street, Birch Street, Pine Street and Beech Street, Walnut Street and Elm Street, came a man, a brother out of the storm. Ivan loved him. He loved all men. The man drew nearer. Now he and Ivan were abreast. They stared a long moment. Abruptly the stranger spoke. The hoarse voice was a question, enquiring, an eternal seeking. *"Gotta match, Buddy?"*

Ivan shook his head. A long, slow negative. He had no match. It came to him then. The need, the vital need for mad revolt, for barricades in the street, the nights of horror, for hot-cha-cha.

"Comes the revolution," he muttered aloud, "and I will have a match to share with my comrades."

The rain ceased. It began to snow softly. Ivan froze to death.

RED FLANNEL

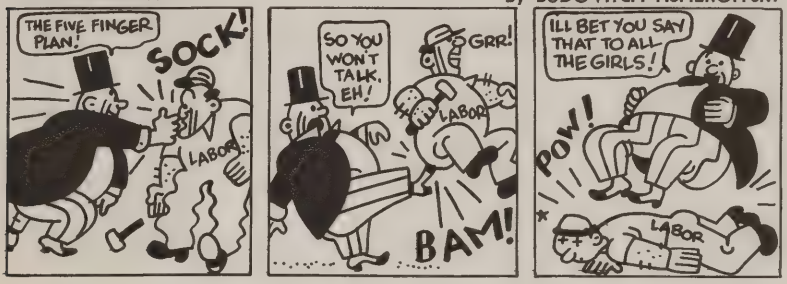
By Winter Underwear

the night comes down
a poisonous fungus growth
on streets like blowsy ribbons
blown the hell-and-gone
from an old mattress.
men's faces pass like
scuttling hungry rats in
search of cheese.
and women,
scummy wenches, hags,
all sluts
like cabbage leaves that
float as barges in the fog
atop the cabbage soup.
for what good reason then
do I, the proletarian poet, write
like this?
well,
somehow the stuff gets published,
people buy and read,
their lips
move slowly as they mutter, "ah,
the communist, he dreams,
aw,
nuts!"

Poets, Revolt! Free Verse!
Down With Capital Letters!

CAP AND LAB

By BUDOVITCH FISHEROFFSKY



"No, Fanya, I won't take you to the movies. Can't you see I'm busy?"

THE MENACE OF MICKEY MOUSE

By Filbert Zilchovitch

THE average person (the sap) thinks of Mickey Mouse as simply an animated cartoon of more or less present popularity among the bourgeois movie goers (the saps). But Mickey Mouse (the pest) is more than that. Mickey Mouse is a deliberate capitalist plot. We can prove it. As Trotsky once said, *Mickey Mouse is the opium of the people.* (Do you inhale?) While street speakers in Union Square shout their message of Communism and rasp their red throats with harsh irritants to help bring on the red, red revolution, what do the workers do? We give you one guess. You're right. They go to see Mickey Mouse. Think of it! A mere mouse on the screen is more of an attraction than a screaming speaker on the street! Is this not deplorable? And what does it signify? It means, gentlemen, I mean workers, that the revolution is in danger. That the red flag may wave in vain while people think it means only an open manhole! Comrades, shall we stand idly by and allow this movie mouse, this Hollywood rat, this pen and ink rodent, to steal our audience? No, a million times, no. No. No. No. No. In Russia this same rodent would be shot behind the Kremlin, if the comrades could hit him. In America if a man builds a better mouse the booking agencies beat a path to his door. In Russia all mice are provided by the State. That is the difference between Russia and America. The moral is obvious. Mickey Mouse must go! Down with Mickey Mouse!

POETRY

The Pullitzervitch Prize Poem

КТО ОН?

(Вроде басни)

Приятеля я встретил на мосту.
Разговорились на лету:
— Ты кем заделался?
Ты на каких фронтах?
Приятель рек с улыбкой на устах:
— Ты отгадай, невелика наука!
— Ты — техник!
— ...
— Инженер?
— ...
— Врач?
— ...
— Агроном?
— ...
— Покреж иль помхудрука?
— Не то, ты забирай пошире!
— Ты летчик?
— ...
— Капитан?

"I'm sorry, Olga, but I must desert the cause—The New Yorker likes my drawings."

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED RED WILL WEAR

SPORTS SUIT FOR TRAVELLING

Also suitable for Soap Boxing. The undershirt has no tail, and the vest is trimmed with grease spots.

FOR THE AFTERNOON NAP

The shirt is of red wool with no collar attached. This outfit may be purchased on the 5-year plan.

BOOK REVIEW

(BE WELL RED)

FICTION

"Anthony Adverse" ($3.00) ..... Lousy!
"One More River" ($2.50) ..... Lousy!
"No Second Spring" ($2.50) ..... Lousy!
"Master of Jalna" ($2.50) ..... Lousy!
"Vanessa" ($2.50) ..... Lousy!
"Comrades of the Storm" ($2.00) ..... Lousy!

NON-FICTION

"Life Begins at Forty" ($1.50) ..... Lousy!
"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" ($2.00) ..... Lousy!
"Marie Antoinette" ($3.50) ..... Lousy!
"Twenty Years a Growing" ($2.50) ..... Lousy!
"Rockwell Kentiana" ($3.75) ..... Lousy!
"More Power to You" ($1.75) ..... Lousy!
"Life of Lenin" ..... Swell!!!

POLITICAL CARTOON

By Penan Inksky

Elmer Zilch, Capitalist! Can He Keep It Up?

NEWS FLASH!

Я распахиваю свое пальто и при этом делаю максимальную грудь с напружкой.

Оглядев водкладку, дама поднимает истошный визг и крики. Ну да, конечно, это ее пальто. Краденое пальто, которое теперь этот прохвост, то-есть я, носит на своих плечах.

Ее стенания режут мне уши. Я готов провалиться сквозь землю в новых своих брюках и в своем пальто.

Мы идем в милицию, где составляют протокол. Мне задают вопросы, и я правдиво на них отвечаю.

А когда меня, между прочим, спрашивают, сколько мне лет, я называю цифру и вдруг от этой почти трехзначной цифры прихожу в содрогание.

— Ах, вот отчего на меня не смотрят, — говорю я сам себе. — Я попросту постарел. А я, было, хотел свалить на гардероб недостатки своей личной жизни.

Я отдаю краденое пальто, купленное на рынке, и налегке, со спятенным сердцем, выхожу на улицу.

— Ну, ладно, обойдусь, — говорю я сам себе. — Моя личная жизнь будет труд. Я буду работать. Я принесу людям пользу. Не только света в окне, что женщина.

Я начинаю издеваться над словами буржуазного ученого.

— Это бредня, — говорю я себе. — Это досужие выдумки. Типичный западный вздор.

Я хохочу. Плюю направо и налево. И отворачиваю лицо от проходящих женщин.

TRAVEL!

See Soviet Russia!

ONE-WAY TICKETS ONLY

U. S. DEPORTATION DEPT.
Washington, D. C.

COMRADES!

Eat at

JAKE'S LUNCH

Red Herrings
Red Cabbage
Red Headed Waiters
And we're in the red.

PERSONAL

Will the comrade who stole my false teeth for the gold in them please return set.

Box 13, Down With Everything

NOTICE

A monster mass meeting of American-born Communists will be held in the Telephone Booth in Grand Central Station, Sunday Evening, Dec. 15th.

WANTED

Men and Women to write for

DOWN WITH EVERYTHING

No Pay

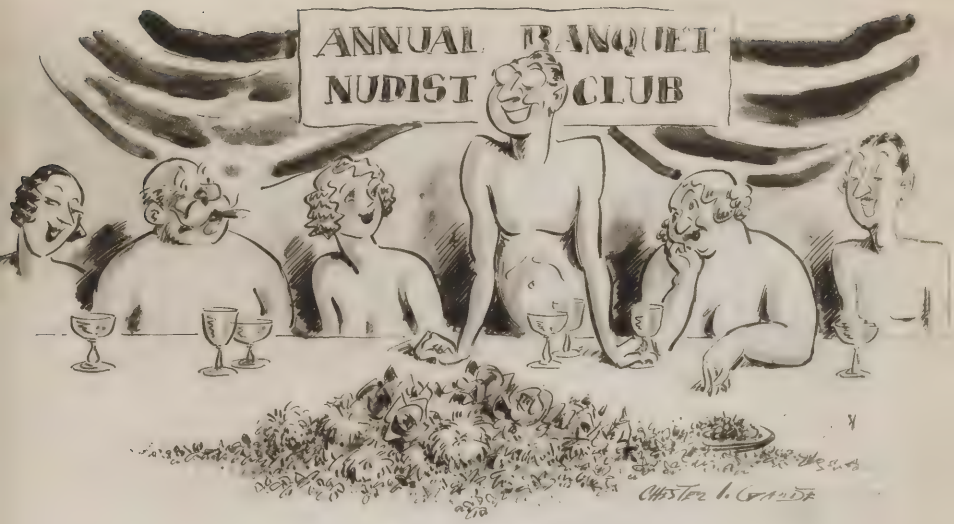
Ivan's Barber Shop

Hair cut by foot or yard.
80 Unemployed Barbers
No Waiting

WANTED

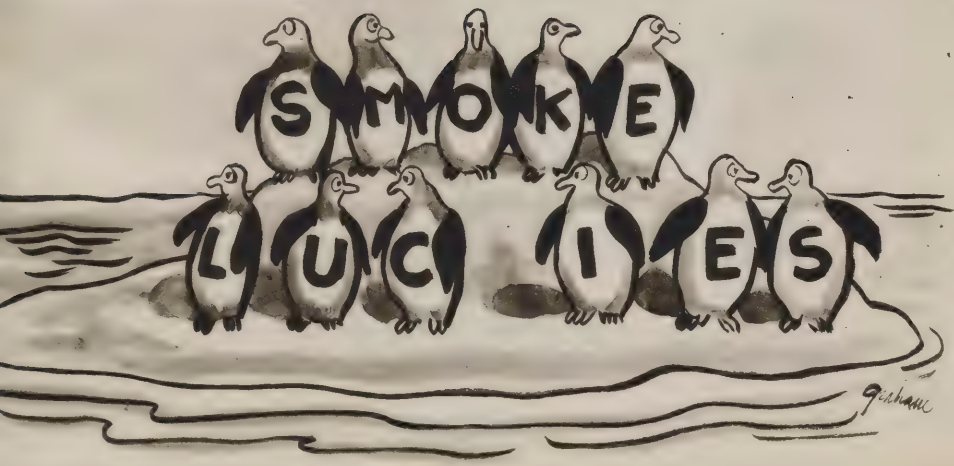
A comrade to share all with me. Must have bank account.

Box 13, Down With Everything



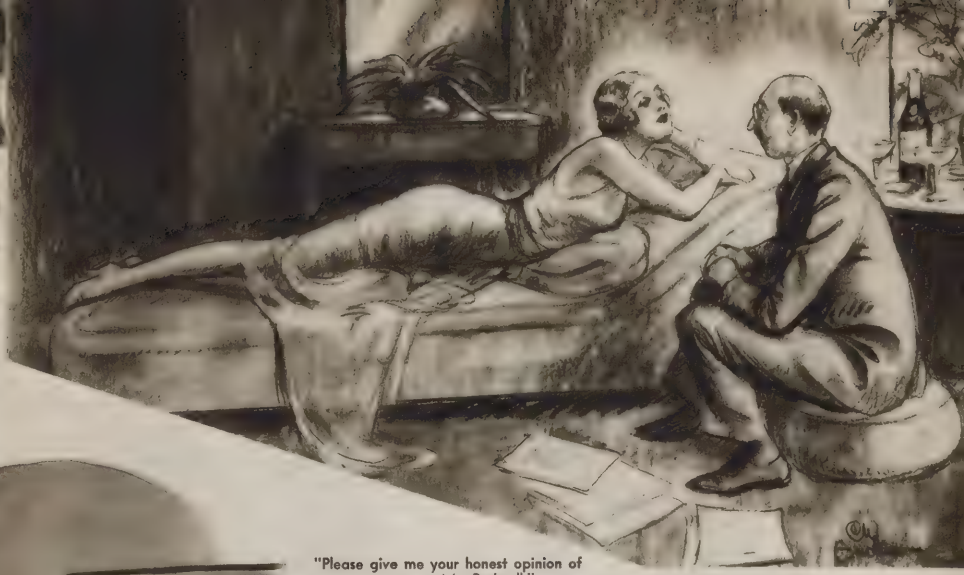
"Unaccostumed as I am to public speaking—"

"Where's Karl? There's a liner due along in a minute."



"You won't do for the Indian number—you're too tanned."

"Darling, fly with me to the ends of the world—first class, of course."



"Please give me your honest opinion of my poems, Mr. Bushnell."

"My Gawd, we're not REALLY going to Niagara Falls?"

"Hey, did you see a man jump out of this window?"

"Blogg, Simperton, Billslig & Jones, manufacturers of wire products, wish you a good old fashioned Merry Christmas over an international network of six hundred stations!"

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS—STEP RIGHT UP!

ALL UNDER

Bring the kiddies! See the Jumpy Cat who gets that way from drinking coffee without the caffein removed.

See the Cigarette Smoking Penguins in their mirth provoking acts!

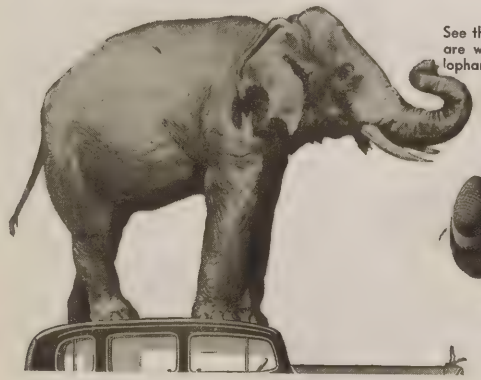
See the Oil Hogs with the imperfect piston rings!

BALLYHOO'S WILD ANIMAL SHOW!

ONE TENT!

See the Sagacious Sea Lion shave himself with Colgate's Rapid Shave!

See the famous Flying Sheep in their Death Defying "Over the Foot of the Bed" Jump!



See the ponderous pachyderm in his breath-taking Chevrolet Balancing Act.

See the Wild Flies who are wild because Cellophane keeps them out!

"That's baby and his nurse when he was two."

THE PRIZE-WINNING TITLE!

"In need of a worm!"

And just between us, the title isn't so hot, but it was the best that came in!

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MARRIAGE WOWS

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Janet Estes is suing her husband for divorce because of his absorbing interest as a post-card collector. Needing post-cards from Elkhart, Ind., and Soviet Russia to complete his collection, he left for Elkhart a year ago. Recently his wife received a card saying, "Having fine time. Hope you are there. Off to Russia to round out memorable monument of post-cards." Mrs. Estes requested a divorce and a writ restraining him from leaving the country until the case is settled.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mrs. Mabella Cecelia Renwick hopes to get a divorce on at least one of the following charges:—

William, she complained, always pawned all his clothes so he wouldn't be forced to search for work. He stayed in the house almost all day long while she worked, but he refused to do the housework. He pawned her rings and "lost" a motor car she bought, forcing her to spend $24 getting it back, with no explanation from William how the car disappeared.

DETROIT. — Frederick M. Hathaway, Jr., may now rest assured he can go to bed without finding some of his wife's relatives in the feathers with him. Hathaway told a judge that frequently when he came home late, he found a relative-in-law or two tucked in his bed and he had to sleep on the floor. The judge issued an injunction restraining the wife from filling her husband's bed with her family.

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Sally Osmon Levy obtained a divorce from Herbert Levy because, she said, she grew tired of "playing second fiddle to a ventriloquist's dummy." Some of the charges Mrs. Levy lodged against her ventriloquist husband and his dummy, Charlie, were:

That somebody around the house was always calling her names, and she was never able to figure out whether it was Herbert or Charlie.

That whenever she stepped into a dark room somebody always shouted "boo," and she couldn't tell for certain where the shout came from.

That eventually she grew to like Charlie better than she did Herbert, because while Charlie was dumb, Herbert was entirely "too smart."

"I'm out on beer running, but still in on back alimony."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF BALLYHOO, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1933.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the BALLYHOO and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Anthony, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . .
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Helen Meyer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1933. (SEAL.) May Kelley.
Notary Public, N. Y. County, N. Y. County Register's No. 3K278; N. Y. County Clerk's No. 85.
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